

TELESCOPE

MARCH

APRIL

'65



"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Commissioner of Penitentiaries

A. J. MacLeod, Q.C.

PENITENTIARY SERVICE

V.S.J. Richmond — Warden

A.J. Jarvis — Deputy Warden

J.M. Murphy — *Classification Officer*

Telescope Liaison Officer

FRONT COVER

The gym is on the right,
and on the left, is the
West Cell Block: 1st floor,
Print Shop: 2nd, floor
Shoe Shop: 3rd floor, "G"
Dormitory.

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B. St. Pierre

Ronnie Druce

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MARCH

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The Editors' Letter



We would like to take this opportunity to apologize to our readers for being so far behind our publishing schedule. There are many reasons—at least fifty—but we hardly think you would appreciate our listing all of them here. The fact is that we are two months behind schedule and we do owe you our deepest apologies. Please accept them. And if you will continue to bear with us a little longer, we promise to do our utmost to catch up.

For those of you who are wondering, let us explain that although we are combining two magazines in each issue, our readers will still receive twelve separate issues before their subscriptions terminate.

Allow us to thank you, too, for the patience and understanding that many of you have shown towards THE TELESCOPE in the past.

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STATISTICS

High Number	1672	Low Number	2157
Received During Month	167	Deaths	0
Paroles	5	Discharged by Expiration	35
Transferred	156	Escaped	0
Parole Violations	5	Total Population	852

Permission for republication of material in this issue is freely granted on the understanding that usual credit be given.

The following article was written by a U. S. businessman a few years ago and addressed to penitentiaries generally. It contains such a forceful theme that it has been going the rounds of the Penal Press ever since. It has been reprinted so often that the author's name has been lost in the process — or perhaps he was anonymous from the beginning. The theme remains, however, and is still forceful, fresh and timely.



Take Back Your Convicts

I employ over eleven hundred men, and there is not an ex-convict among them. There isn't going to be an ex-convict among them. I do not care if a man was unjustly imprisoned and if his sponsor comes to me with proof of it. Whatever his story, I do not want him.

My "hard boiled" stand is, I hope, constructive. I am no more lacking in feelings than those who extend their sympathy which does the ex-convict no particular good. I merely look at a public problem from a different angle; I bar the ex-convict because when a penitentiary gets through with a man, innocent or guilty, he is unfit to hold his place in industry with the men I've hired from the world of free workers.

I have visited penitentiaries behind the grim, grey walls. I have seen human lives timed to a brutalizing routine; I have seen men jammed together in

badly ventilated cell blocks. I have smelled the smells to which they are constantly exposed, seen the unbelievably crude sanitary systems in operation and talked with prison wardens about the ever-pressing problem of finding sufficient work to keep their charges constructively employed during the day and decently tired at night. Talk about your problems of "made" work in the world outside and its effect upon the men who do it; have you ever considered the many useless, wearying, depressing jobs by which nothing is accomplished? Jobs to which a man can bring no spark of interest? The men who face the grim problem of controlling many crowded, desperate men, cannot afford to think in terms of "redeeming human values." To avoid outbreaks they must enforce a discipline carefully pointed at bringing the human

brute into subjection. Not every man who enters prison is a brute, but *every-one* pays the penalty of association with brutes. The big men in convict thought are the men serving the longest sentences, the men who have committed the most serious crimes. A new prisoner's philosophy, his ideas of life, and his conversation about even the most trivial affairs becomes coloured by the viewpoint of the underworld — the world that thinks in terms of preying rather than producing.

I don't care if an ex-convict has paid his debt to society, I don't care whether he ever owed a debt to society. He has spent a certain number of years in the packed, unhealthy, plotting atmosphere of the pen. I owe too much to the workmen I already have in my plant. He won't do!

He has had the initiative ground out of him. He has lost the sense of pride in productive work. His mind is teeming with ideas that he may not have accepted fully, but that he cannot purge from the brain that was forced too long to live upon them, for lack of other nourishment. He has been trained in intrigue and to conspire for even the simple things that other men take for granted: tobacco, reading matter, a few extra minutes of conversation.

The argument piles up indefinitely, a sordid array of sorry facts. I do not even bother to present them to the average ex-convict. As he stands, he does not belong in a plant like mine; but no end is served by me telling him so. I address my challenge to my state and to the nation: **KEEP YOUR CONVICTS OR MAKE CITIZENS OUT OF THEM.**

If the end of prison is punishment and the means of punishment is calculated to rob the men of initiative, pride, decency and self-respect — then let the state find a use for the human junk that is left. Don't ask industry to do it.

No man should serve his sentence and then step out into the world. There should be a period of preparation. If society's debt must be paid to the hilt,

then add a year of rehabilitation. During that year, let the convict put the dull, demoralizing routine of penitentiary life behind him. Let him become accustomed to wearing the clothes of a free world again. I would ship him away from the prison that had witnessed his shame and the comrades who had shared it. I would give him work to do that he could take pride in doing and I would give him a free man's reward for that work. I would let him become accustomed to earning money before money becomes his necessity. I would teach him to save that money and pay his bills. He would have a pay envelope every Saturday night and he would be submitted weekly bills for board, lodging and incidentals.

Perhaps it might be possible to work out a variation of the C.C.C scheme, where these "last year" men could be given a taste of healthy outdoor life to drive the prison contagion from their bodies while the psychology of the course for freedom was cleansing their minds. One year is not a long period when the damage of many years has to be repaired, but I am convinced that it is long enough if the builders of men work as efficiently in that year as do the moulders who make convicts out of them in the prison years.

"If you businessmen do not provide honest work for these men, they will be driven back in spite of themselves to a life of crime."

I hear that too often. It puts the responsibility on me, where it does not belong. I know that he may be driven back to crime, but if the state has prepared him for nothing else, the problem is too big for me to handle.

As a taxpayer, I contribute to the support of every convict in the state and nation. They have to live and I do not begrudge my share, but I would like to pay a little more — if it would cost any more to provide each of these men with a year of training, not in the manual arts of beadwork, but in the theory and practice of being a good citizen. Let us make citizens of them.



(Back row from the left): Ernie Coates, Fred Sweet, Murray Palmer.
(Front row): John Lalonde, Stewart Anderson.

New Sport and Recreational Committee.

Kingston Penitentiary:- March 24, 1965

The inmates of this prison went to the polls and elected E. Coates, J. Lalonde, S. Anderson, F. Sweet and M. Palmer to be the new 5-men Sport and Recreational Committee.

Several inmates submitted their names to the administration and eleven were allowed to run for election. Every other inmate was allowed to vote for one, two three, four, or five of these men. With a population of 833 inmates eligible to vote, there was the possibility of these 11 contestants capturing a total of 4165 votes among them.

The election returns were as follows:

1. Ernie Coates	326
2. John Lalonde	309
3. Stewy Anderson	260
4. Fred Sweet	257
5. Murray Palmer	255
Paul Ziembra	206
Norman Coe	180
"Red" Milne	176
Harold Newman	155
"Tex" Brown	132
Fred McVeigh	124

Please Note: Fred McVeigh withdrew on the eve of the election as he just received word he would be transferred to Joyceville in the very near future. Most of the population was notified of this before they cast their votes and this undoubtedly explains why he was low man in the running.

Under a new arrangement, the committee will hold office for a year, instead of the customary six months of the past.

Ernie Coates, as the highest vote getter, will serve as the Committee's chairman and Paul Ziembra, standing number six in line from the top of the list will serve as a member should any of the others drop out.

The ballots were counted by Mr. D. Chinnery and several members of the Classification Department. The 11 men who ran for election witnessed the proceedings.

PENAL NEWS

NOTES ON THE NEWS

FROM

AROUND THE WORLD

Robert Edwards



CANADIAN PRISONERS ISSUED DISCHARGE KITS

Prisoners leaving the Canadian Penitentiary at Dorchester, N.B., are now being furnished with additional clothing and toiletry articles, all neatly tucked in a zippered brown or blue traveling bag.

According to the Beacon, monthly inmate publication of the Dorchester institution, the kit includes one dress shirt, one pair of socks, one pair of pyjamas, a bath towel and two handkerchiefs. Shortly to be included will be an extra set of underwear, razor blades, face soap and shaving soap, along with the regular issue of a razor, toothbrush and comb.

(Via Presidio)

DEFENCE OF THE UNPOPULAR

In an address at the dedication of a new law school building at Boston University, Chief Justice Earl Warren criticised the legal profession for shunning unpopular cases. It does not "reflect credit" upon the legal profession he said, when prisoners with meritorious defenses have to write petitions to the Supreme Court in their own hand-writing from their cells.

The defense of those accused of crimes, he said, "has been downgraded to a point where it is considered by most lawyers not to be respectable to represent unpopular defendants regardless of the merits of their cases."

(Via NCCD NEWS)

MURDER PAROLES

The Prime Minister has announced that in the future the cabinet will take responsibility for parole of persons convicted of capital murder, instead of National Parole Board. There may be some logic in this, since the Cabinet was responsible for the original commutation. This will no doubt reduce public fear that still-dangerous murderers might be paroled and make further commutations possible.

(Via Can. Corr. Assc.)

PARDON INCREASE SUGGESTED

A letter has been sent to the Minister of Justice suggesting the increased use of **ordinary pardon** as a way of giving formal recognition to successful rehabilitation. This suggestion will no doubt be turned over to the special committee the Minister has said he will establish.

(Can. Corr. Assoc.)

PRISONERS SCARCE

Taiping, Malaya:- Prison wardens and guards are worried here. Inmates are getting scarcer and prison employees now fear forced retirement. Four prisons have closed since 1950 and two more are due to follow suit this year due to "lack of business".

(Via M.P. NEWS)

LOCAL NEWSMEN TAKE FILM IN PEN

Mr. Floyd Patterson and Mr. Reg Fox, newsmen from C. K. W. S. radio station in Kingston, Ontario, wandered around this institution last month taking approximately 200 feet of film to show the public that the inmates do not really have it as rough living in here as the public are so often made to believe.

Mr. Patterson said, "The majority of people look at the penitentiary from the outside, seeing great concrete walls with heavily armed guards posted on every corner. They get the distinct impression of hostile and savage people roaming around within, living in a punitive and depressing atmosphere, housed in damp, gloomy buildings. And," he went on, "this is just not the case!"

To be sure, things are not as bad as they used to be in the "twenties", but they're not all that good either!

INMATE RECEIVES DIPLOMA

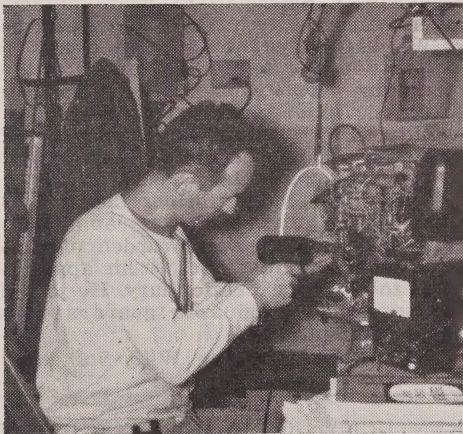
Ernest Hollands was the first inmate in this institution to receive a diploma, awarded by R. C. A. Victor.

During the past eighteen months Hollands has completed his tests carefully and made a multimeter, a tachometer and a fully equipped radio.

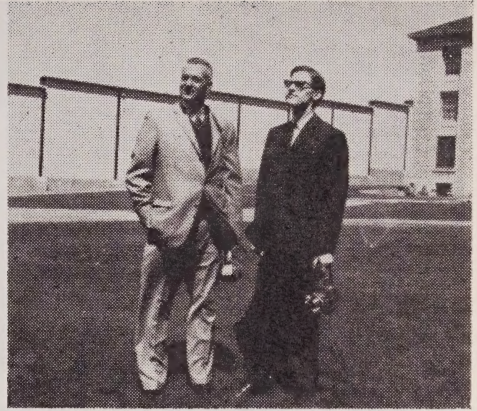
Ernie is furthering his studies with R. C. A. Victor and has already begun on his own TV set.

So far, the course has cost over five hundred dollars and will reach the thousand dollar area by the time it is finished. Ernie pays for the course from money he receives from selling his hobbycraft: making fish flies. During the year, he sells several thousands of flies to individuals and large companies alike.

Assistant Deputy Warden Chinery presented Hollands with the diploma.



Ernest Hollands building a T.V. set in his cell.



Mr. Reg. Fox (left) and Mr. Floyd Patterson, newsmen from C.K.W.S. Radio Station.

INSANE CLIENTS IN FOR LIFE ?

Lawyers are reluctant to enter a plea of insanity on behalf of clients charged with crimes even when they are mentally ill, because hospitals for the criminally insane are tantamount to life imprisonment, a Toronto lawyer charged last month.

Mr. Douglas Peppiatt told the St. Paul's Young Liberal Association that a conviction and ten years in jail is often a better alternative than "virtual life imprisonment" in such mental institutions as the one at Penitanguishene. "Once a patient is sent to an institution after being declared criminally insane he's often in for life," he said.

"The patient is held at the pleasure of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province who acts on the advice of a handful of psychiatrists," he said.

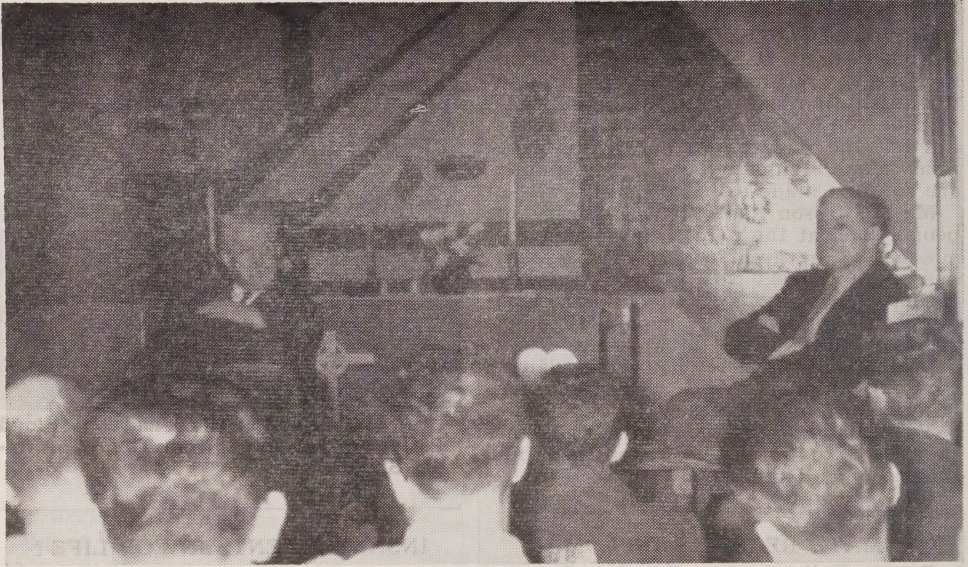
Mr. Peppiatt charged that Kingston Penitentiary is "full of mentally ill persons" and that it was "ludicrous that there is only one full-time psychiatrist and one part-time psychologist on staff there."

(Via: The Toronto Star)

PAY CONVICTS ?

Stoney Mountain, Man./ Canadian Correctional Association official Mr. W.T. McGrath says Federal and Provincial authorities should get together to consider such matters as work and better pay for prisoners.

(Via: The Toronto Star)



Dr. G. Scott (left), prison psychiatrist and the Rev. Nickels during a lecture
Dr. Scott was giving to the Chapel Discussion Group last month.

PRISON PSYCHIATRIST LECTURES TO CHAPEL DISCUSSION GROUP

Kingston, Ont./ Dr. G. Scott, psychiatrist at Kingston Penitentiary gave a lecture last month in the Chapel to the regular members of the Discussion Group on the sexual functions and development of normal and abnormal persons. He talked of the different stages of mental development and then went into the causes and effects of homosexuality, in and out of prison.

This was his fifth lecture in a seven part series and since he began his talks have captured the interest of more and more inmates. He has lectured on personality development, fear and its effects, nervousness, mental mechanisms (in three parts: Repression; Projection; and Displacement.) His next talk will be on fixation and regression and following that, he will cover rationalization and fantasy.

When asked why he chose these particular subjects, Dr. Scott said that he thought that this was the best method of helping the men to understand and help themselves. He speaks in terms that the layman can readily understand, he encourages the members of the discussion group to ask questions, and he carefully explains how the inmates can put his suggestions to practical use.

These discussion groups are held every Friday afternoon and those inmates interested in attending are asked to get in touch with Reverend Nickels in the Protestant Chapel.

NEW WARDEN FOR KINGSTON PEN

Kingston, Ont./ The Warden of Kingston Penitentiary, Mr. V.S.J. Richmond, is moving up to the post of Regional Director for Ontario in the Federal Penitentiary Service.

The news came last month from Mr. Allen J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. Mr. MacLeod said there will be other appointments later.

The new Warden of Kingston Penitentiary will be Mr. Hazen Smith, now Warden of Dorchester Penitentiary.

Mr. D.M. MacLean, now Regional Director, has decided to retire from the service after a total of 34 years. Mr. MacLean, a Scotsman 63 years of age, entered the service in 1932. He was former Warden of Dorchester Penitentiary in New Brunswick, and later Warden of the maximum security penitentiary here at Kingston. He was once Deputy Warden at Collin's Bay Penitentiary and Chief Keeper at British Columbia Penitentiary before his appointment at Dorchester.

Warden Richmond, former Lieutenant-Colonel of Stormont, Dundas and Glen-garry Highlanders, was Warden of Collin's Bay Penitentiary before his appointment to Kingston Penitentiary. He joined the service in 1926 as a guard at this same penitentiary.

(Via: Kingston Whig-Standard)

KENTUCKY GOV. HALTS EXECUTION

Kentucky's Governor Edward Breathitt has acted to halt executions in his state

for all time, by stopping such action for the next 13 months while a corrections task force studies and makes recommendations for legislative approval concerning the death penalty.

The Governor's action meant automatic stays of execution to the nine men on the State Prison's death row.

According to a report in the prison publication, *Castle on the Cumberland*, Kentucky has carried out one death sentence in the last eight years. The report also stated that a total of 162 men had gone to their death since the installation of the electric chair in 1911. Kentucky law permits the death penalty to be handed down in cases of murder, rape, kidnapping, lynching and armed robbery.

MONTANA HAS PRISON FIRST

For the first time in the history of Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, a Knights of Columbus Fourth Degree Honor Guard was permitted to attend and participate at Midnight Mass. It is believed that this is also a first for any prison in the nation.

(Via: M. P. NEWS)

HOTEL DISPLAYS PRISONER ART

Indianapolis, Ind./ A month long showing of prisoner art has been arranged as the result of negotiations between the Indiana Reformatory and owners of the Marott Hotel in downtown Indianapolis. According to a report in the *Pendleton Reflector*, sales will be handled without charge to the prisoners.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN

Women throughout Texas are campaigning for equal rights in triangle slayings.

Texas law provides that a man who kills his wife's lover can offer a defence of justifiable homicide. Women who catch their husbands playing adulterous games however, do not have the same defence when they carry out drastic reprisals. In cases of this type they are charged with murder.

With tongue-in-cheek, State Representative Bob Bass introduced a Bill in the Texas Legislature which would allow women the same "shooting privileges" as a man. Later he asked to make some changes in the Bill because he didn't want to be part of "legalized murder". He stated that the justifiable homicide defence should be taken away from the men, rather than extended to the women.

"We consider killing a serious matter at any time," he said, "any civilized

country should take a long, hard look at letting any killer go scot-free, except in self-defence. He condemned practice which makes a woman stand trial for murder when she does exactly the same as a man, who is set free merely because of a difference in sex.

Both Bills were sent to a subcommittee.

(Via: The Presidio)

MALONEY SAYS BILL ALL SUSPECTS

Ottawa, Ont./ A Toronto lawyer told the Supreme Court of Canada last month that he believes the Bill of Rights gives all Canadians accused of crimes the right to be represented by a lawyer.

Arthur Maloney, a Conservative MP for Parkdale when the Bill of Rights was passed in 1960, made the statement while asking the court for leave to appeal the conviction of a Toronto man charged with conspiracy to commit forgery.

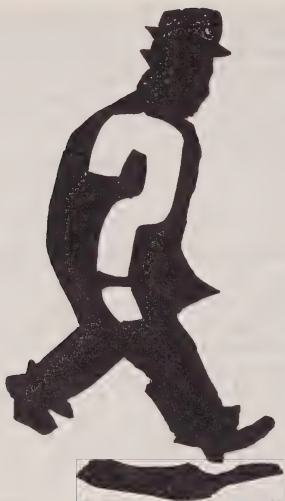
At the time of his trial in 1963 this man had no money and despite his efforts was unable to secure the services of counsel, Mr. Maloney said. He believed this was contrary to the Bill of Rights which says every Canadian has "the right to retain and instruct counsel without delay".

Mr. Justice Cartwright said an accused person not represented by a lawyer was under a tremendous handicap. But he wondered if the wording of the Bill had the meaning Mr. Maloney attached to it.

Mr. Justice Spence said Mr. Maloney was advocating a public defender system in Canada. And that this was a matter for Parliament, not the Supreme Court of Canada to decide.



Mrs. Camac Nickels, Sociologist & Psychologist, wife of the Rev. Nickels, also lectured to the members of the Chapel Discussion Group last month. She gave a two part talk on The Depersonalizing Trend of Society.



What About The Way You Walk ?

T. Thompson

Every characteristic of an individual which makes him stand out as a person who is not like anyone else contributes to his personality, or to his uniqueness. Mrs. Helen Roberts, a noted English psychologist, tells us that the way people walk can sometimes tell us a great deal about what kind of person they are.

For example, all of us have seen the person who walks leaning slightly backwards and others who tend to lean back to the extreme. Apparently, these two types have a great deal in common. They are called the backward type ! Not backward in the sense that they are idiots or anything of that nature, but backward in their approach to facing reality, people, decisions and things like that. She says that people feel so inadequate and insecure inwardly that their state of mind actually shows itself in their physical mannerisms. They are usually extremely shy, withdrawn, nervous, introverted and very unsociable; the farther back they lean when they walk, the more striking are these traits.

Then of course, there are the people who walk leaning slightly forward; or rather, there are several types of people who go through life tilted forward. They give the impression that they're pushing their way through a

heavy wind. First, there is the ones who walk, swinging their arms from side to side, rather than from front to back. They give you the idea that they're in the process of shining somebody's shoes. You'll see this type of walk on a fat man; this is the one most comedians like to portray to get a horse laugh. Usually this type of person is a guy who is trying to show others that he is tough. He isn't really ! Actually he is the type of fellow that thinks he is a little effeminate, or the kind of a girl that thinks she's a little bit too masculine underneath the rough exterior they show everybody. And they are haunted with the idea that others may find out about it if they don't put on the dog. Surprisingly enough, most people seem to be immediately aware of what they are trying to hide anyway and so the shield does them no good.

The other forward leaning type is the one in which the person involved goes along the road of life swinging his arms from front to back; bent over giving you the impression that he just fell out of a tree. The ape type ! This guy is usually tough, so don't antagonize him unless you have your whip and chair with you at the time. And do you know how he got to be so tough ? You're right ! People

laughed at him when he was a little monkey and he had to fight them to gain a little respect. This guy usually has his toes looking directly at one another, almost as if his feet were arguing about which tree they should climb. And his arms seem to extend to such an extent that the palms of his hands keep slapping the bark off his shins. This same fellow is all hunched over like a dog playing with a football and when you look straight into his eyes, you get the distinct impression that he is about to attack! As I say, this guy is tough, so don't start discussing anthropoid apes or jungle animals when he is around; and incidentally, start running when he begins to beat his chest The next thing he beats could be your head!

Then, of course, there is the head



The Ape Type.

and shoulder swinger. His feet usually are spread at a 180° angle and, as he struts along, his heels have a tendency to smack together. There he is: shoulders stiff, head up, feet turned out, with his shoulders and hips competing for the latest swing contest. There is rhythm in every step. He is the mouthy type. The one who talks the loudest, laughs the loudest and when he's at a party he tries to outshout, outbrag, and outrun everyone else there. And although his feet seem to be fastened to his ankles the wrong way, this guy can usually run like a deer. He has to, to stay alive! The only nice thing about this type of person is that he seems to mature on schedule, and grow quieter with time.

Mrs. Roberts then goes on to describe the people who go through life trying to appear calm, unruffled and nonchalant at all times. Some seem to drift by you on the street like a ship sailing calm waters; others appear to be as loose as a goose: every muscle so completely relaxed that their bodies appear to be made out of rubber. But what you might have missed is that the first has a habit of peeking out of the corners of his eyes like a trapped and terrified animal, and that the second has a habit of stumbling over his two left feet whenever he thinks someone is watching him.

The drifter, or so we will call him, is in reality a shifty, scheming, self-conscious individual. He is cynical and very hard to please. Usually this is the person who exaggerates self-control and tries to project this emotion. He despises the extrovert, the back-slapper and the happy-go-lucky type of individual. This guy lets himself go only when he is sure he is alone: he talks to himself, makes funny faces in the mirror and does all sorts of things that would surprise you to no end!

The other one — loosey — we'll call him, has his own problems. He always feels as if somebody is watching his every move. He has a guilt complex

and is probably driving himself "nuts" trying to pay off his conscience. He has a high moral standard, which his mother so kindly (or not so kindly) instilled in his mind. So high, as a matter of fact, that he can't have any "fun" unless he ignores it once in a while. Then he has to pay "through the nose" feeling guilty all of the time.

This guy acts perfectly normal, when he forgets to be on the lookout for others who might be watching him. But when others are about and accidentally glance this guy's way, he loses all sense of co-ordination and suddenly is the clumsiest, left-footed person in the world.

And how about those people who move around like they were walking on eggs all the time. Actually there are two kinds in this same category.

One type pretends that he is rough, tough, and hard to bluff: he keeps clamping his jaws tightly shut so that the muscles on the sides of his face keep bunching and bulging quite noticeably (he is an habitual gum chewer). He keeps every muscle in his body taut by holding in his stomach as much as he possibly can, throwing his chest out, tensing his neck muscles, clamping his fists shut, forcing his arms to respond as if he was lifting a three-hundred-pound weight, and really tucking up his pelvic region. Can you just imagine how tired this guy must be at the end of the day ?

To continue, this individual gives others the same dangerous and repulsive appearance as a coiled up rattle-

snake; he looks as if he will spring at anything for the slightest reason. Nothing could be further from the truth ! These persons are on the verge of running the three minute mile. They constantly have the feeling of an impending disaster and are poised not to attack, but to escape. Remember, although *you* might think it's funny, don't sneak up on these people and clap your hands. They will probably run themselves to death.

The other type, in this category, are those guys who think mother nature made a "darn" mistake. These guys walk placing one foot directly in front of the other, or even crossing them in front of the other with every step. A friend of mine described them as "board walkers" as they seem to be trying to balance themselves while walking along a narrow strip of wood.

These are fluttery individuals who mince around delicately on their dainty feet. The ones who wish they were Christine Jorgenson. 'Know who I mean? Yes 'siree, he's the one who went abroad and came back a broad.

But don't let Mrs. Roberts' findings upset you. Just because she's convinced strange people walk strangely — this doesn't make it so ! — or does it ?

Now you're probably wondering how a normal, happy, friendly, easygoing and loveable person walks. Or maybe you're wondering how a person could make sure he wasn't giving away any secrets while he was waddling down the street. Easy ! Just walk normally — you'll fool them every time.

Visits Home Preferred For Prison Inmates

Allan MacLeod, Federal Commissioner of Penitentiaries said recently that he would rather see prisoners sent home for varying periods than have them visited by their wives in prison.

Speaking to the Kingston Branch Elizebeth Fry Society, an organization that helps women prisoners, he dismissed the idea of women visiting men in prison as "missing the point".

"We don't want wives and mistresses coming up to the prison gate every Saturday," Mr. MacLeod said. "We would rather have the inmate go home for varying periods of time so he will have something to think about when he returns".

DON'T CROSS OVER THE BRIDGE

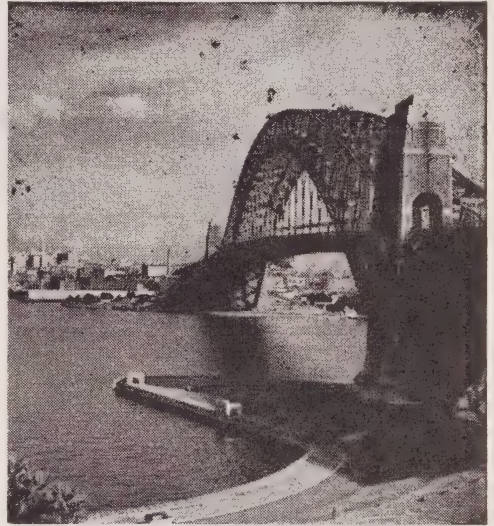
This account of another man's rather unfortunate story, written by an inmate serving time in one of Canada's penitentiaries, deserves to be told and retold. It not only shows how simple it is for a person to get into trouble, but also is a good example of how laws sometimes fail to promote justice. From what this inmate told us, he had been previously sentenced to one year in the Federal Penitentiary in Milan, Michigan for car theft in 1962. And while serving the sentence he met a fellow Canadian who had been arrested for Illegal Entry of the United States. This other man's story as told to Ron Munro, substantiated, he claims, by newspaper clippings supplied by the other man at the time.

It seems that this chap had served two years in the Federal Penitentiary at Milan, Michigan for Shopbreaking about one and a half years previous to my meeting him. Upon his release he had been deported from the States for an indefinite period of time. When he was finished serving the two years, our friend departed for Sarnia, Ontario, intending to go straight. After securing employment as a barber, and doing quite well for some time, he received an invitation to a Barbers' Convention in Port Huron, U.S.A.

Now this man, wishing to attend this special affair, set out to see if he could obtain legal permission from the United States Immigration authorities to enter the country for the express purpose of attending this affair.

His first attempt was in Sarnia, where he was advised to proceed to Windsor, Ontario, which had been his Deportation Point after his prison term. After telling his story again in Windsor, at the Canadian Customs office, he was told he would have to obtain permission from the U.S.A. authorities in Detroit and could proceed through the border tunnel to the United States to try to obtain it.

When he arrived at the U.S. Immigration offices, his story was told for

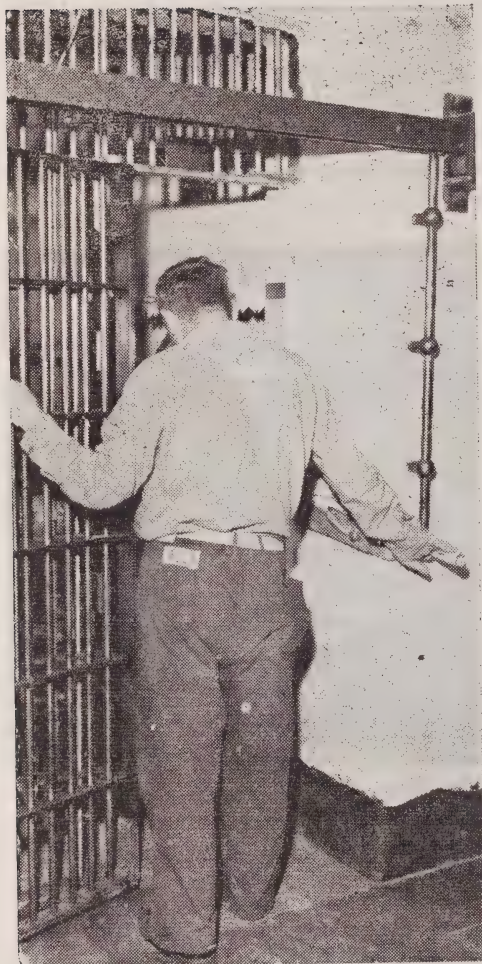


the third time to a smiling and understanding Customs Officer. After his plea was heard, he was politely told to have a seat in the office.

Much to this man's surprise and dismay, four police officers arrived inside of five minutes and arrested him for attempted illegal entry! He was subsequently convicted of this crime and sentenced to two years, plus a \$1000 fine (if he couldn't afford to pay the fine, he was told that he would have to serve a three year sentence!).

The moral of this story? You're right! If you have ever been deported don't even try to cross over the bridge — you may land in jail!

Peace Of Mind



By M. DeCoach

From deep in the depths of history, sayings from seers, sages, and prophets have arose to the surface to become legendary. The greater part of these prophecies were considered to be fiction, others, the workings of a fanatic's mind, and still others, the thoughts of intelligent human beings. What would happen in the world of today if all the races and creeds of people stopped for a moment and examined their minds and souls and asked of themselves, "Who am I?" and "What am I?" and "What purpose do I serve on earth?" Many would not know. And it is said that the only way they could learn the answers to these questions would be to study the writings of those brilliant men who have lived and formulated ideas along this line in ages past. This is not the whole answer, for as we

THE Greatest Gift In The World

know some of the ancients were war-mongers who delighted in causing masses to revolt, and starting wars, and to follow their advice would be disastrous. We are told to listen to those great men who have dedicated their lives to making this world a peaceful and good place in which to live. For these are the men who have received and can give the greatest gift of all, to those of us who are capable of listening to them; they have received and can give all of mankind *Peace of Mind!*

Although I am only an inmate in a penitentiary, I have tried to attain this comfortable state of mind by shutting out of my thoughts the problems, fears, and anxieties that most prisoners must face from day to day. I have failed! Each new day for me is but



Prison Walls Do Not A Prison Make

a repetition of the one before; each new day wears away my mental fortitude like the proverbial drops of water in the old Chinese torture.

7 A.M. each morning is greeted by the clang of a bell and every prisoner crawls out of his bed. Shortly after, the cells are opened and all who wish can shuffle their way to the kitchen to pick up their breakfast tray. The food is carried back to their cells to be eaten. Approximately thirty minutes later, every man is on his way to work. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

11:30 a.m. is lunch time and the men file by the kitchen serving windows, picking up their trays and meals on the way to their cells. At one o'clock they march back to work. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

3:30 p.m. is the end of the work day and the evening meal is served to approximately 900 inmates. *Drip! Drip!*

5:00 p.m., or a few minutes either way, the prison is secured and all men

are accounted for by the prison personnel. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

7:00 p.m. almost half of the prisoners are allowed out for exercise into the gymnasium. Here they can participate in sports, television viewing, or playing cards. The other half of the inmate population enjoy these same privileges the following night. Those whose night it is to stay in enjoy listening to one of two channels on the radio with earphones or catch up on some reading. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

10:00 p.m. the men in the gymnasium are ordered to their cells and once more the prisoners are secured. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

11:00 p.m. the lights go out and all grows quiet. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

This same pattern goes on day after day only changing on the weekends. Saturday and Sunday are slightly different. On both of these days the morning bell is sounded an hour later than usual and instead of going to work, the

The Greatest Gift Continued:

men are allowed a choice of going to the yard, or the gym for exercise at 9 o'clock and staying until lunch time at 11:15. They return to the gym or yard after one o'clock and stay until 3:15. Sunday they are kept locked-up until church is over (unless they choose to go to church) at 10 a.m., and in the afternoon they usually get to see a movie. *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

Some of the problems faced in jail would become quite apparent to the reader if he took the time and trouble to read the foregoing timetable over to himself about five hundred times. Very few people sentenced to the penitentiary spend less than 500 days in the institution living these days over and over. Each weekend ends a cycle; each new year is but a repetition of the last, only to be repeated again and again, *ad infinitum*.

Moments of pleasure are few and far between when one is in jail. One such time, or so it would seem to most, is when the inmate crawls into bed at night and lets his mind wander back into the past. Some also do this after breakfast and dinner while they're waiting to go back to work! Once again they experience the happiness and security of a home, the nearness of their loved ones and the freedom they once had as an ordinary man. These cherished dreams of the past, these chapters of gold filed away in the recesses of the mind, are always ready to soothe their troubled thoughts.

Most of the prisoners, at one time or another, ask themselves, "What if I had it to do over again?" and enjoy the thoughts of what might have been had things really been different. But then they realize that it's too late now to change things -- and reality closes in like a dark, ominous cloud. He can only blame one person for the wrongs he has committed and the harms he has caused to himself and others and this, of course, is himself.

He dreams of his sweetheart, or his wife and children, and constantly wor-

ries himself sick over what might be happening "out there" without him. The love he had for his family or his girlfriend seems to intensify with every passing week. For with the passage of time he becomes lonelier and lonelier; for he lives now in a world devoid of love and affection. He is constantly afraid that his loved ones will leave him and any hint that this is happening will throw him into a deep melancholic mood. Fears, jealousy, insecurity and suspected rejection tend to worm their way into a man's conscious mind while he is locked in a cell and each must be resolved if he is to retain his sanity or attain his peace of mind.

Some read psychology books to gain insight, to gather ammunition to ward off this "thing" called insanity, and to stabilize their state of mind. But because they lack the proper interpretations and understanding of the terms they read, they only become more confused. Some believe that happiness will come with freedom -- and await their sentence to expire; they are convinced that happiness lies in having health, love, beauty, talent, power, riches and fame, when actually happiness is **peace of mind!** Granted, any one of these things might give you in particular, peace of mind, or you think it might, but that is only because you haven't got it!

A quote from Marcus Aurelius and Lao-tze, the Psalmists, seems to agree that peace of mind is desired above all other things:

"God, Lord of all creation, heap worldly gifts at the feet of foolish men, but on my head pour only the sweet waters of serenity. Give me the greatest gift of all; the gift of the untroubled mind."

It is a common thing for a man in jail to lose the love of a girl-friend, or wife, because someone else came along and claimed their attention while he was away. And although it hurts to admit it, and although many of these men resent it, these women cannot be

Sentenced To Education

"GREENLAND — integral part of the Kingdom of Denmark — is the world's largest island. With an area of 839,782 square miles — almost 85 per cent glacier — it has a population estimated at 31,855 in 1959, 1300 of which are European." *Information Please Almanac*, 1963. GREENLAND, however, does not have a prison. The following item, taken from the *Kilby Sun*, is titled: NO PRISONS IN GREENLAND: EDUCATION."

"Greenland is a country without prisons, and there are no plans to build any. The present Greenland legal system provides such punishments as being 'sentenced to education' for a crime.

"For generations in Greenland, the emphasis in the law has been on rehabilitation of the criminal, rather than simple punishment, long before this became popular in 'more civilized' countries. Henning Broendsted, departmental head of the Danish Ministry for Greenland Affairs says that even in the distant past, 'emphasis was put on individual treatment, to discover the cause of the crime and to try to remove it.'

"In practice, sentences work this way: a young juvenile delinquent recently convicted of theft was sentenced to be educated at government expense as a carpenter. The Greenland newspaper, Atuagagdliutit, says many young Greenlanders find such sentences an advantage since it permits those receiving them to learn a trade."

by John Leckey

Via: The Raiford RECORD



Greenland: No Prisons ——— cont'd:

In this country, with its crowded court calendars, its existing penal institutions overcrowded and new ones constantly being built, and its mounting crime rate, the statement that Greenland has no prisons must come as a shock. In this case we feel such a shock could be beneficial.

Anyone growing Avocado pears has had experience with an occasional tree that is flourishing and healthy, yet fails to bear fruit. Although the tree has reached its maturity it consistently refuses to assume the responsibility of reproduction. Experience has taught these growers that some form of shock administered to the tree will cause it to begin bearing; and once having begun it will continue. Usually the shock is produced by slashing the tree or by driving large nails and other metal objects into the trunk of the tree. Perhaps the realization that Greenland can exist without benefit of prisons will produce sufficient shock to the mental process of some North Americans as to awaken them to their social responsibilities regarding this age old problem.

The Canadian and American public has always demonstrated a general apathy toward matters civic and social, and it is understandable that this should be markedly true where the concern is for a group which comprises less than one per cent of the population. Perhaps our apathy stems from the complacency engendered by generations of security. But to those to whom penology and criminology are social sciences, it is a matter of vast importance; and it should be to everyone because the effects of crime are insidious and they are apt to touch us in unexpected places.

Although crime has been a universal problem confronting all peoples since the beginning of time, there have been varied approaches to its elusive solution. However, incarceration and punishment have been the weapons most commonly used against crime;

and this method was in vogue in England just prior to the American Revolution. Since we are largely English in extraction, it is also understandable that Canadian and American societies should accept this as the best method of combating their problem.

Social concepts do not change overnight. Neither will a workable solution for any major social problem be found in a like period of time; but there must be a beginning for all things, and the best beginning for any beginning is at the beginning. Let us consider the possibility of beginning the correction of the offender at some point prior to the correctional institutions.

It is not our contention that this vast continent could operate without correctional institutions, because it could not; but we do feel that some system of correctional education could be applied further down the line. In a great number of cases a system similar to that employed by Greenland would do much toward reducing our overcrowded institutions.

In recent years prison administrators have placed a continually growing emphasis on education as a means of rehabilitation for the inmates placed under their supervision; but the very nature of their institutions create factors limiting their programs. Too large inmate populations, the necessity for maintaining custodial and security measures, and the fact that a certain amount of the inmates will never be rehabilitated regardless of what programs are initiated by the institution, add to the difficulty of maintaining an adequate educational program. Insufficient appropriations also check the efforts of the administrators.

Less crowded institutions would do much to alleviate this condition. Being better able to group the inmates as regards their security requirements, more attention could be given to those men who would really benefit from the educational opportunities offered to them. Were you to take away those men who should never have been sen-

tenced to a correctional institution, the overcrowded situation would not exist.

Ask the warden of any institution and he will tell you that many inmates in his institution should never have been sentenced there in the first place. These fall under a number of categories from the innocent man to the offender who cannot rationally be classed as a criminal. The largest group, falling within this classification, is composed of those whose criminal activities are by-products of economic necessity. With some this circumstance is of a one-time or temporary nature; but the large majority are permanent members of the group because they are inadequately prepared to exist in our complex economy that places an ever increasing accent on education and skill.

It is not our intent to determine the causes responsible for the deviations of these offenders who are unprepared for an adequate economic existence; but we do wish to stress the fact that they are not criminals, and their rehabilitation will be achieved in a classroom rather than in a penitentiary. Were more of those responsible for law enforcement, as well as those engaged in prosecution, as interested in returning the offender to society as a useful member rather than in their record of convictions, some progressive step might be taken.

This is a point where a system similar to Greenland's would provide a means of effective rehabilitation. An investigation of all cases, in order that thoroughly trained social workers and psychologists could determine the needs of the offender before he came to trial, would allow the judiciary to have an actual knowledge of the man before them, and their sentencing would be influenced by an insight into the man's real character. Here those who had become offenders because of their educational inadequacy could be sentenced to the completion of some course of training designed to make them self-supporting mature citizens.

A form of probation, dependent upon

the completion of the course of study, would bring about a two-fold savings. In most cases the training would have to be at provincial and state expense; but the cost would be far less than that necessitated by a term in a correctional institution. Also there would be an inestimable savings brought about by the reduction in the rate of recidivism. As great as these dollar savings to the taxpayers may be, they are insignificant when compared to those chalked on the humanitarian side of the ledger.

Having before him an expert analysis of the offender's character, the sentencing judge could pick out those who could be a menace to society; and whose rehabilitation must, of necessity, come from within the fences and bars of an institution. He could also pick out those whose complete immaturity makes the hope of their rehabilitation a faint and far distant light.

There is another seldom considered aspect of rehabilitation that would be affected by a decreasing prison population. The Education Departments of the Correctional Institutions, because of lessened loads on their crowded facilities and the more stable nature of the prison population, could plan their courses of study designed to meet the needs of those inmates whose rehabilitation is more difficult and will take a greater length of time. So the elimination, from the overcrowded correctional institutions, of those offenders not needing incarceration is not only beneficial to them, but also to those whose attitudes require them to be imprisoned. Perhaps the term of that imprisonment might be shortened by the better facilities.

Unfortunately there will always be a segment of society which, because of its desire to punish or because it simply cannot assess the value of anything that deviates from its accepted pattern, will always oppose any rehabilitation program within a penal system. This is the same segment that makes it difficult for the penal administrators to

.. Continued on page 38.

RESULTS AND ROSES

The man who wants a garden fair,
Either small or very big,
With flowers growing here and there,
Must bend his back and dig.
The things are mighty few on earth,
That wishes can attain,
What'er we want of any worth.
We've got to work to gain.
It matters not what goal you seek,
Its secret here reposes:
You've got to dig from week to week,
To get results or Roses

— David Breault

MY DREAM

Endless dreams I have each night,
Of the one who makes my poor life bright,
Who hastens to bring me every cheer,
And tries to calm, my every fear.
My dream goes on until the dawn,
When I must rise and go upon,
My daily chores, which are a fight,
With thoughts about the coming night.
And when the night, comes once again,
The picture which is very plain,
Will fill my mind with another dream
Of the one I hold in the highest esteem.

— N. Couch

WITHOUT ANY WALLS

If all the bars in prison cells,
Were layed down on a track,
I feel quite safe in saying,
They would reach from Hell and back.
Now wait my friends those words above,
Are not put down in jest,
But just one way of getting,
To the core of my request.
There is a place for creatures,
To be locked up in a cage,
But not for human being folks,
This is the modern age.
Knock down that high forbidding wall,
Melt down those bars of steel.
I know that this would end distrust,
That all those inmates feel.
Why not a prison honor farm,
Where the only bars are soap,
Where a fellow doing time for wrong,
Has a little bit of hope!

— Harry Wilson

THE P

AN A

It's wonderful
On a cold crisp
While we wait
We hunt around
And look both
And see the h
In His creatur
The stately pi
Stands guard
The cedar wi
Pertumes the
The water in t
The leaves dro
As winter stea
And things be

YOURS

Yours is the wisdom of living
Yours is the strength yet untold;
Yours is the grace of a tiger,
Cunning and yet never bold.

Yours is a mind sharp and keen, Dear
With knowledge to open all doors.
Yours is a love deep and lasting,
And darling... I also am yours.

Yours is the heart in my bosom,
Yours too, these lips, eyes and arms.
My soul, is yours too, beloved,
Enraptured and bound by your charm

— D.H.

OET'S GE

N DAY

m the woods,
nn day,
squirrels at play.
leafy ground,
and there,
ork of God,
from care.
all and grand,
ture fair,
ow bent branch,
air.
ng is clear,
the trees,
the woods,
treeze.

D.S. DEAN.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere you too, may sleepless lie,
Remembering of the past,
Thinking of nights once beautiful,
Of dreams that did not last,

Somewhere you to may feel this pain
This ache of unshed tears,
May wonder if the heart can bear,
The emptiness of years,

But deep within my heart I know
We did not dream in vain,
For somewhere, sometime, we shall find
Each other once again.

—P.J. Norton

COMPASSION

In this quiet place
I lift my face to the rain wet sky
And I understand that I
Must go alone
Like all mankind.
I only partly mind
For in a sense I'm glad to share
What others bear
Accepting what they will not face
I am, myself, a quiet place.

C.D.

THE PRISONERS

Locked in the cells of a prison,
A prison much too small,
Convicts are jammed and crowded,
Within those cold grey walls.
All kinds of men thrown together,
Some that were bad from the start,
Others who got into trouble,
Men really good at heart.
Some of them only waiting,
For death to bring the end,
Others who long for freedom,
To start their lives again.
Locked in small cold cells,
Looking forward to a dark grey dawn,
Deprived of freedom and loved ones,
As their time goes passing on.

— Harry Wilson

REASON REJECTED

Where such wrong and senseless effort,
Such tragedy and farce purport,
Why stumble over every stone,
Ignore all help move on alone.
Though even at supposed best.
Fail all but base and simple test?

Yet, sure of right, or best of things,
Some will defy all tests life brings.
And when at last we know the wrong,
We grope our way, ignore the dawn;
The light that breaks on gloom of mind;
The light without which all are blind.

Why turn the eye away from glare.
And into black and darkness stare?
If not the triumph then we seek,
Then only effort's ours to keep.
To what we now have been comitted.
No failure need be self admitted.

—Wm. Kelly

Courtney — *the Sneak* — was making his nineteenth appearance in a court of law. He was on trial again. But this case was somewhat different from the other eighteen. For once, according to the interpretation of "criminal intent", he really wasn't guilty. That in itself made the situation unique, but there was another reason too. Courtney had broken the guiding tenet of his dismal career. Never had he pleaded guilty; not even when he knew the evidence against him was air-tight. This rule had served him well on at least seven occasions when he had been acquitted. However, under the circumstances (it was a very trivial charge) he had decided to break the rule by doing exactly the opposite thing. In angry thoughts he justified the reversal of a lifelong habit with the reasoning that this motley collection of ignorant islanders did not constitute a genuine court. And he was right. For one hundred and eighty-seven peaceful years there had been no crime whatsoever on Tyburn Island and the hastily assembled tribunal for Courtney was composed of simple shopkeepers and the like. "Far better," he muttered contemptuously, "to humour these peasants by paying a fine and getting off their medieval rock pile right away than to suffer the indignity of being forcibly detained for trial." Courtney was understandably in a very uncivil mood. Moreover, the droning dirge of the village butcher-cum-Judge's mournful voice as he parroted the procedural formalities did little to improve his bad humour. He wished he would get on with the sentencing.

Bored stiff by what the Judge was saying, Courtney ceased to listen. Instead he reflected on the whole stupid mess. It was all so petty. Only two weeks before, he had landed on Tyburn with an unspoken vow of temporary honesty on his thin lips and a stern determination in his heart that his magnetic hands would stay well clear of attractive objects for the time being. After all, he had rationalized, even a

Courtney

The

Sneak

OR

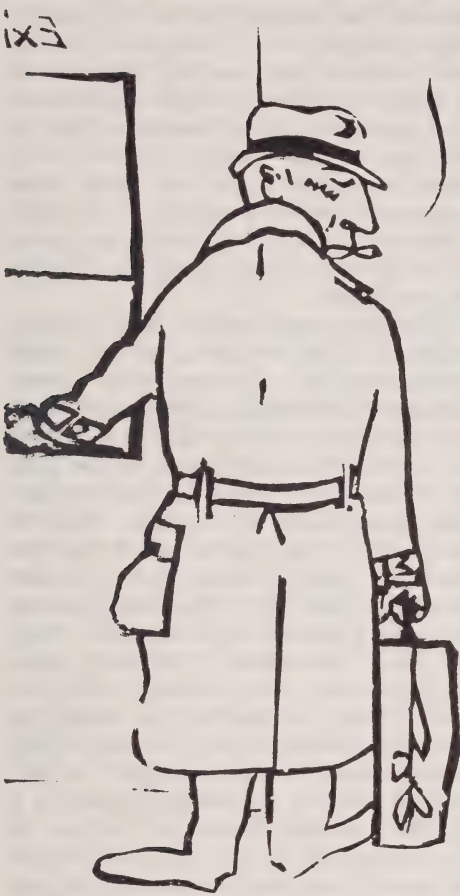
The Mouse

Fell Down!

by Alan Baker

professional bandit needs a vacation once in a while! Everything had gone well during his stay and Courtney was amazed by his ability to keep his larcenous instincts in check for so extensive a period as an entire fortnight. But, on the day he intended for his departure, his self-control failed him. His vacation unwittingly became a *busman's* holiday.

The tiny hotel in which Courtney had been staying was quaint and backward, like all the rest of the island, and its antique furnishings and old fashioned decor were most rustic. All of its linen was hand-loomed by the village womenfolk and was rather attractive for its unique colours and coarse country weave. The towels were especially unusual, having a blue and



green wave effect surrounding an earthy hued island as their motif, and Courtney couldn't resist the impulse to take one of them with him to London. He did not consider this taking of a *souvenir* as stealing and he used the towel to wrap up his shaving kit which he placed, quite openly, in an unzipped flight bag. Then he prepared to leave. In the lobby it did not require any uncanny power of observation on the part of the desk clerk to spot the towel in the bag of the departing guest. The clerk whispered to a maid, who hurried from the room, and he accosted Courtney at the front door.

Courtney was flabbergasted when the clerk accused him. Seconds later, he was protesting most indignantly as

two hefty villagers, summoned by the maid, informed him with gripping, vice-like half-nelsons that he was to be detained pending the arrival of the police. When the local constable did eventually appear in his two-wheeled dog cart, Courtney resumed his protestations of injured innocence with genuine sincerity. "Everyone," he pointed out with bulls-eye accuracy, "takes a towel, or an ashtray, or a piece of cutlery when they check out of a hotel — it's almost a British tradition!" But the stolid constable was a Tyburnian, not an Englishman, and this logic left him unmoved. Courtney was taken, shackled hand and foot, and lodged in the Island Gaol overnight. His was a terrible night.

The gaol was nothing more nor less than a dank, fetid hole in the ground beneath the town hall which also served as a home for countless evil rats. It was a place of inky darkness. A veritable dungeon from an earlier time. The floor was sparsely sprinkled with odorous decomposing straw in which Courtney could hear, and feel, a billion filthy insects that feasted revenously on his chilled flesh as he attempted, hopelessly, to rest. This vile carpet was the only *furnishing* in the cell. There was not even a stick of a chair to sit on, or a hole in the floor to use as a toilet. It was the infamous Black Hole of Calcutta re-created on a lesser scale and savagely cold. Even had the environment been conducive to sleep, sleep would have been impossible. For, from somewhere beyond the solid confines of the impenetrable darkness, there came the hammering and sawing noises of what Courtney presumed to be construction of some sort. The dripping, stone walls of the empty dungeon amplified these rasping, rapping noises into a weird cacophony of gargling sounds which continued with a mad incessance throughout the long, long night. Courtney was fighting off the advances of a seeping lunacy when finally a brilliant patch of blinding light appeared in one of the walls and

the stocky farmer-figure of the constable came in, to herald the break of day. He was also the dungeon gaoler. "Ye'll be gettin' yerself tryyed thes mernin', young fellar, so 'ere's yer breakfarst — eat hearrrty !" he said, chuckling, and then he was gone again. He left the bright door open.

Courtney, still partially blinded by the intense light, stared at the tray which his gaoler had placed on the mucky floor. He blinked rapidly in absolute disbelief at what he saw. On a great, broad platter, piled a foot high, was a stack of immense, succulent-looking bacon steaks dripping with bubbly yellow butter and, heaped all around the meat, were at least a dozen fried country eggs. Jamming a grimy fist into one bleary eye, Courtney rubbed viciously — but the tray still looked the same. He was stunned by this paradox. "What kind of people are these island yokels, anyway ?" he muttered. "They arrest me for taking a paltry towel; they shut me up for the night in this stinking pig's crypt and then they serve me a meal to rival the Lord Mayor's Supper !" He shook his head in confusion. "They're either sadists or brainwashing experts !" Then for the first time Courtney realized he was almost starved and he attacked the food in gluttonous fury. He could not eat it all but the billion insects and a half-dozen lean rats devoured what was left. It was a nice domestic meal. An hour later the gaoler-constable and the same two rugged townsmen he had encountered the day before ushered him up several flights of creaking wooden stairs and into the improvised courtroom.

The Judge was still talking as Courtney came out of his reverie. For a moment he stared malignantly at the verbose figure on the bench. He looked like a butcher, brawny and ugly as he was, and the tattered wig and moth-eaten robes of faded purple, which he wore in the cause of justice, failed miserably to disguise his true profession. Gibert and Sullivan would have been proud to put him amongst their

mocking creations. Courtney looked away. No problem there, he thought, the old fool despite his flowery mouthings probably won't even dare ask me for a ten-shilling fine. All *he* wants is a chance to perform before an audience; just another showoff bumpkin like all the rest of the farmers on this God-forsaken lump in the sea. With those sentiments seething angrily in his mind, Courtney dismissed the Judge and turned in his seat to look about the draughty courtroom.

The place was packed. Men, women, children — it seemed as if the entire population of Tyburn were there. Courtney self-consciously patted down the thin part of his greasy, black hair — after all they had come to see *him*. He wished then that his cronies in London were there to see him. What a laugh they would have had at the expense of these gawking half-wits and their ridiculous trial ! But the Islanders were not gawking — far from it — they sat rather motionless, their faces stonily immobile, but Courtney did not notice. Over the head of the Judge, on the wall behind him, his wandering eyes suddenly caught sight of an ancient-looking document hanging in a gilded wooden frame. A quiver of interest stirred in him. Old things were invariably valuable and valuable things were, to Courtney's mind, things to steal. He peered intently at it in an attempt to decipher its contents, but the parchment was faded and the distance too great. He gave up. After I pay my fine and they've all gone back to their homes, I'll have to take a closer look at that little piece of penmanship. It might even fetch half a yard in Town Courtney's musing was instinctive; he had been born a thief.

A few minutes later it occurred to him that the Judge's speech had been filling the air for an inordinate length of time. Courtney looked at his watch — 11:37 — he had been talking for two and a half hours ! How inconsiderate could the man be ? Besides the defendant was hungry again. His mouth turn-

ed to water as his now empty stomach disinterred the succulent memory of the breakfast it had contained at an earlier hour. That meal had almost compensated for the barbaric conditions of the vile dungeon, but not quite. Courtney shuddered at the memory of his night of degradation. That he should have spent a night on a bed of filthy straw in a cistern-like cell was something he hoped to quickly forget. Pentonville, Dartmoor, and Wormwood Scrubs would occupy a more revered position in his thoughts from that day hence — they were all earthly paradises after the hellish Tyburn! With the remembrance of the previous night came the sudden awareness that the hammering and sawing noises of the endless dark hours were still going on now. The echo-chamber effect of the gaol was missing in the courtroom, but, even muted as they were, the sounds got on Courtney's nerves. He strained in his chair in a vain attempt to see out the window in the direction from which the racket came. He wondered what they were building that was important enough to keep them up all night. Probably a new pig-sty for one of the more prominent citizens to live in, he reflected wryly. But whatever it was, they were in a hurry to have it finished.

The banging and buzzing, and the Judge's interminable monologue made Courtney unusually restless. He thanked his guiding star that he had not taken his case to a jury. By all indications *that* would have been a trial by ordeal! But, of a sudden, he realized that he was hearing those wonderful words of conclusion from the Judge: "So, I can add no more," he was saying in a stiff artificial voice, "the defendant will now rise to receive his sentence."

Sighing a sigh of relieved impatience Courtney stood up. He glanced once again at his watch, 11:56. With luck, he calculated, he would be able to catch today's ferry back to the mainland — after investigating the contents of the gilded frame of course. He waited for the Judge to speak. The

noise from outside had ceased. The watching Islanders were strangely quiet and seemed to be waiting with bated breath; expectantly. The Courtroom was as silent as an abandoned temple. Momentarily the unperturbable Courtney — *The Sneak* — was slightly disconcerted. The silence seemed so utterly out of place and much *too* silent; it was ridiculous.

Regaining his composure, he extracted a thick wallet from his pocket with an exaggerated flourish and spoke lightly to the Judge. "Okay your *Lordship*, (he couldn't resist the sarcastic emphasis) how much is the fine?"

His words acted like a sudden heat wave on the frozen courtroom and with the thaw a gentle ripple of laughter echoed from the audience. One woman hissed to her husband: "Ee Dad, boot 'ees a spoonky lad for'en ootseeder!"

The Judge looked at Courtney and Courtney looked back. He began to feel more than a little uncomfortable.

"Ye'ed be advised no to jest in this court, me lad," he finally said with a hint of kindness and a bit more naturalness in his tone. "But I do admire a man who is not afraid to pay the price for his wrongdoings. Now I must sentence you"

Courtney did not listen. He opened his wallet and began counting the notes inside. His mind was working fast and deviously. He wondered what the *price* would be. Perhaps, he thought, I have misjudged the old fox and he is going to try to squeeze out my every last penny with some astronomical fine; but he won't get away with it. And then he heard the sentence

Stunned by the Judge's words, he didn't believe what his ears told him. He thought the Judge was joking. Frantically his eyes scanned the face beneath the dowdy wig for some sign of confirmation, but the features were set. The Judge was not smiling. It was not a joke. Behind him Courtney heard the sounds of movement. In terror he spun crazily around to see the Islanders, the *gawking yokels* in a semi-circle

.. Continued on page 38.

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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ACROSS

1. Quantity of medicine
5. Pretentious fool
8. Trading center
12. Declare openly
13. Large monkey
14. Margarine
15. Domesticated
16. Garment returning to fashion
18. Malt drink
19. Natural weapons
20. Agrees
21. African flower
23. Distress signal
25. Drive forward
28. Fit again
32. Assists
33. To prosecute at law
35. "..... but the loney heart"
36. Playel
38. Signed
40. It is (poetic)
42. Concern
43. Domesticated animal
46. To chide sharply or rudely
48. Recent in origin
51. Russia couldn't ship missiles
..... (Two words)
53. *canem*, beware of the
dog
54. Man's name
55. Bible chapter (Abrev.)
56. So be it!
57. Drove quickly
58. Alkaline solution
59. Canvas shelter

DOWN

1. Computer "food"
2. Elliptical
3. Important person
4. Female sheep
5. Beauty treatment on face
6. Musical composition
7. Animal skins
8. A witty saying (Fr.)
9. Low female voice
10. Unpleasant smell
11. Throw
17. Bone (Greek)
19. Lawyers wages
22. Excited
24. Sirs: (Spanish)
25. Stroke lightly
26. Brazilian seaport
27. *generio* (Lat.) peculiar
29. Tom, Dick, or Harry
30. International Nickle Syndicate
(Abrev.)
31. Golf term
34. Land within foreign territory
39. Father
41. Brain covering
43. Exposes clothes to dry
44. Crack!
45. Man's name
47. Follows orders
49. Level
50. Departed
52. Aged
53. Gossipy Gal

Answers on page 40.

From out of the past .. from the time when Kingston Penitentiary served what was known as Upper Canada ... comes a day from another century. Each month the "TELESCOPE" brings you excerpts from the Warden's Diary. The only changes from the original book, are the officers names.



The Warden's Diary

1847

—Wayne McKinney

I delivered the keys to Keeper Johnstone at six o'clock this morning, noting at the same time that Mr. Murran was late for the ringing of the bell for the third time this week. I cautioned him yesterday on this and he seemed most apologetic, assuring me that this would not happen again. It seems useless to suggest anything to this man. He fails to realize that he can be replaced most easily.

I attended to the opening of the prison and saw the convicts to their breakfast tables. Keeper Smith reported to me that the guard Dyson came here this morning in liquor. He was ordered away by Keeper Smith, as it would be noticed by the convicts. Dyson came to me to say that he was fit for duty, but it was quite evident to me that he was in the state of intoxication. I ordered him home so that this case may undergo the consideration of the Inspectors.

Convict Dill went to the hospital this day but was reported by the surgeon as a humbug. After he left the hospital, I called him up to my quarters and reprimanded him severely for the two pieces written by him for publication about this institution. Dill had bribed the guard Morris to take the pieces out for him. Keeper Smith had taken them away from Morris and in turn gave them to me. Guard Morris will also have to face the Inspectors.

I proceeded to the visiting of the shops for this week. I am far from being pleased with the state of the blacksmith's shop. There is more going on in there than meets the eye. I have taken particular notice of the conduct of Foreman Davies. Someone in the shop is trying to pull the wool over my eyes, as each time that I show up unexpectedly, there seems to be an air of confusion and sudden scurrying about the place. My last shop was the Shoe Construction.

The convict Owen Conlan spoke to me of removing him from the gang in the Shoe Shop in which he had been placed to work—or—allowed to work in the Shop away from the gang. Seeing that Conlan is a most dangerous man, I

ordered the guard in this shop to let Conlan pick his own work and place of work, and that he was to be kept away from the main gang. All that I can think in this matter is that the closer he is kept to his work, the better off the rest of the institution will be.

I attended to the punishment book after dinner. We've been having a lot of trouble lately with the convict John Thompson. It seems that last night he had been tampering with the door on his cell. He damaged the lever on it badly enough; it will not close properly now. This is another madman case for the surgeon I am sure. The convict, number 4342 Samuel Collins was laughing at the dinner tables yesterday. I awarded him with six meals on bread and water as well as three nights without his bed.

John Flaharty was charged for obtaining leave from his guard to go to the washroom a short time before the closing of the prison and not returning within a proper time. His absence was reported to me and I ordered that a thorough search be made for him. After some examination he was discovered concealed away in a shed, evidently with the intent of trying to make his escape. This convict's conduct has been very bad since his admission to the prison. No punishment is too severe for this lad. He will receive 48 lashes with the cats and a ball and chain will be placed on his leg from this time on.

The convict, number 3989 Ely Evie, made his attempted escape yesterday morning by hiding near the ceiling in the Plane Shop. He will receive 48 lashes with the cats too, and have a ball and chain on his leg until the end of his sentence.

I detained the convict Harry Lee Hue in order to question him as to the distribution of matches to the convicts in his place of work. He acknowledged having received these matches from the foreman in the Plane Shop. These men are most untrustworthy and would risk the safety of the institution in order to appear liberal among the population.

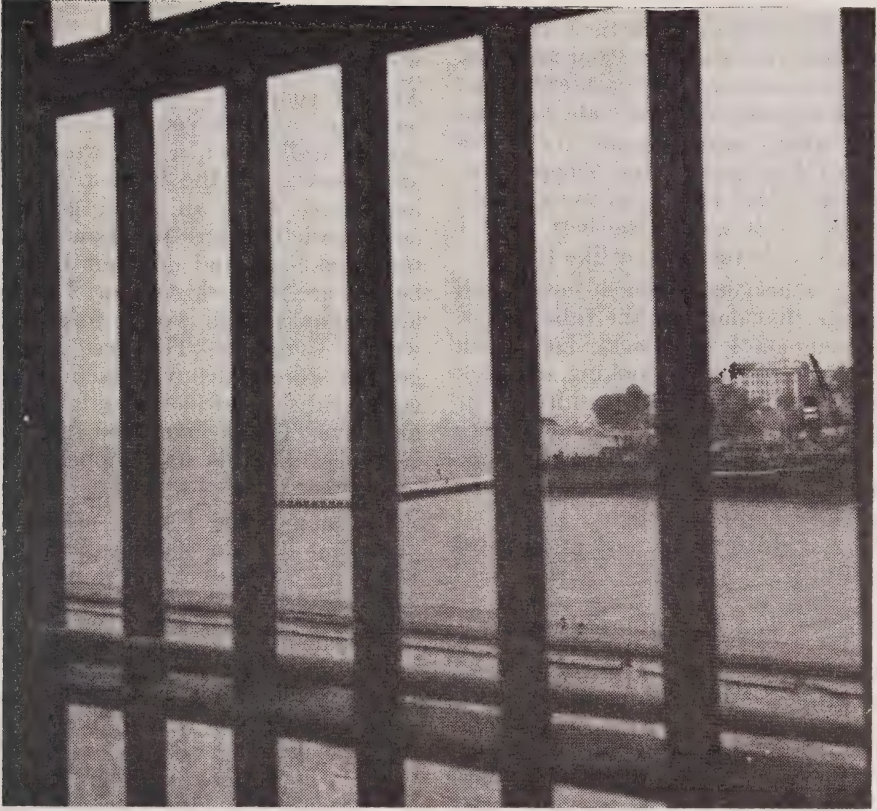
The mother of the convict Joseph Martin came to see him today and I allowed a short interview in my presence. This woman informs me that the father of this man is a lunatic, and that from the appearance of her son, she fears that he is also headed in the same direction. This was really nothing of a surprise to me. He is a most violent and dangerous man and requires closer supervision than any other convict in this penitentiary.

The past two mornings the convicts have been making a lot of unnecessary noise in their cells and on their way to the dining tables. This will not go by without warning the guards to look after this situation. Such a thing annoys me and I will not tolerate with any nonsense on the part of the convicts, nor any of the guards or Keepers.

I saw the convicts to their supper and immediately afterward marched to their cells. I attended to the locking up of both prisons and went to my quarters for my meal.

I visited the both prisons after nine o'clock and all was reported quiet except for a few of the convicts in the South Wing of the main prison. After cautioning the disturbers making the greatest noise, I instructed Keeper Johnstone and gave him his orders for the next day.

I returned to my quarters at half after nine o'clock and retired to my bed.



In the following article, reprinted from the Encourager Magazine from the Indiana State Prison, you can read the story of a parolee who is making good! Very seldom, this type of story gets into print; it is usually the story of a parolee who has gone bad.

CELL 4-R TO APARTMENT-5

by Thomas R. Hasket

I was paroled from Indiana State Prison in April, 1964. Having been on the inside looking out, I want to tell you what it's been like, getting out — and staying out.

The First Day

After two and a half years of dun-garees, it felt strange to put on that civvy suit, white shirt, and tie. The

morning I left was like Christmas morning, Easter, and my birthday, all rolled into one. I was nervous, I smoked too much, and I wondered if my family would *ever* arrive to pick me up. They finally did.

Walking through the main gate, driving away, breathing free air — this I did in a daze. It seemed almost like a

miracle. That first little taste of freedom, when you walk out front and pick up your money at the cashier's desk, and the man says "That's all, you can go" — that's really great. We drove down to Logansport and stopped for lunch. My first free meal — a steak, of course — it wasn't the best meal I ever had — it just tasted like it!

I get a nervous stomach easily and I got one that day. By the time we got to Cincinnati I was sick. Too much excitement, too much smoking, my neck was sore from that white-shirt collar and tie, and it had been so long since I'd ridden in a car. But Mom had one thing that fixed me up right — a good bed. And I had a *real* night's sleep that first night. In fact, the bed was almost too soft.

The Free World

You wouldn't believe it could be so different. You read the newspapers, magazines, listen to the radio and watch TV and movies, and you keep in touch — I did. But the changes you don't notice, hit you in the face when you get out. Take the cars, for instance. Pictures don't do justice to them — you have to *ride* in them to really appreciate them. Mom's nearly 60, but when she put that new Chevvy on the expressway and hit 70, I was really shook. And everywhere you look, you see the new boxy shapes — all the new cars are lower, longer, and faster. It's amazing.

It's surprising what a few years away from your home town will do. The buildings look different. Some have changed, some new ones have gone up, and some streets have been widened and remodeled. There are new signs, new advertisements, and everybody seems to be wearing new clothes. The men's suits have narrower lapels and the kids are wearing them without cuffs. The women are wearing black mesh stockings, boots in the winter, and other things that seem new.

Women

There seems to be so many, at first. After a couple of years with nothing but guys around you, it's really fun just to walk down a free-world street and observe all the women. They all look good, they all smell good, you never noticed before just how they use that make-up, and do their hair, and boy — are those skirts short! It seems almost as though you'd forgot what women were like. The first time you go in a store and buy a pack of cigarettes, and the girl looks straight at you and says "Thank you," you feel funny. Nothing like this has happened in a long time.

I'm single, and I don't need to tell you what it's like having dates again. It's twice as good as you think.

Work

I had a week's vacation before starting on a job. That was fun, but what surprised me was that I liked getting to work again. The hours are different, the pay is better, and there's a sense of responsibility and accomplishment that's different. For one thing, you know that you've got to work or starve. You can't go idle. Basically you're your own boss, for you can quit any time you want, and no one will put you in the Hole. But it's more than that — you know there's no one looking over your shoulder to see if you goof off. Somebody trusts you, and you feel good about it.

I don't mean everything's rosy. I'm an independent radio engineer and I have to round up my own jobs. This can be rough, and I've had some pretty slack months when I didn't make much money. But the work is there, and it's up to you to find it.

The Parole Officer

I've got a good one. He's straight, and you can talk to him. He doesn't ride anybody. He goes by the book, but he's not a perfectionist. "The main

thing," he told me, "is to stay legal. Just keep out of trouble. I know you want to have a good time now and then — I'd get ideas about you if you *didn't*. Just keep it sensible." I can't say anything against the man, and we get along fine.

Pitfalls

There are some things you have to watch out for. The cops may keep an eye on you at first. You don't like it, but what can you do — write your congressman? The best thing is to not put yourself in a compromising situation, and don't try to hide anything. Cops are suspicious, and if you have a skeleton in your closet, they'll probably find it.

Through bitter experience, I learned how easy it is to get fouled up when you're actually innocent. I was bum-rapped and spent six weeks in jail before I was cleared. A burglary occurred near my neighborhood, the M.O. was similar to mine, I had been in the vicinity that night, and I was hauled in. A witness "identified" me at the police station, and I was bound over to the Grand Jury. I had been in a bar with a girl, not far from the burglary when it occurred. We got this girl to testify, and we confronted the police witness with this alibi, and he backed down. The Grand Jury returned a no-bill. I was bitter — but there was nothing I could do about it, except be careful where I went and what I did. Oh yeah, it cost me \$250 for a good lawyer, and the cops haven't bothered me since.

Don't Tell Everybody

If you're like me, you won't want to tell everybody where you've spent the last few years of your life. For one thing, the more people you tell, the harder it is on your family. Of course, sometimes you *have* to tell a few people. Your employer may insist on it, and if you lie, you're in worse trouble. There are some you should tell —

perhaps a few old friends that you know and trust well. Sometimes these people already know, and are still your friends. But there are many people you shouldn't tell at all — it's none of their business. Some of these people will "bad-mouth" you if they find out. They're pretty small people. You don't have to lie to them — just avoid the question. If they're nosey, change the subject, or walk away.

The Long Haul

After a few weeks in the free world, things aren't so wonderful. Something wears off your life and you get discouraged. Everybody you know has a lot of money, a house, a new car, lots of clothes, and they hit all the night spots every week. Sure they do — they've been working and making good money for years, while you've been on ice. You are nearly broke, have few clothes, no car, no house, and you seldom can afford to go out. All your old girl friends are married, the new girls you meet are all so young, don't know anything, and think of nothing but doing the Twist and listening to the Beatles. People don't give a damn, nobody cares what happens to you, and the world owes you a living.

Like hell it does! The Constitution guarantees you only the right to the *pursuit* of happiness. It doesn't hand it to you on a silver platter. You have to dig it up for yourself.

After nearly a year out here, I still get to feeling sorry for myself now and then. Don't let me kid you — being on parole is no bed of roses. The world goes right on turning, whether I'm here or in prison, whether I'm working or loafing, eating or starving, alive or dead. Sure, I loafed some. I went hungry some, too. I found out there's only one way I can make it — work, and work hard. I have to hustle to make a buck. Maybe I'll never catch up with those Square Johns who've been working steady since 1950. But then, maybe in a few years I will. I figure it's worth a try.

FROM ★ ★ ★ THE
★ ★
GRANDSTAND

by Alan Baker

Baseball

Saturday, May 15, broke warm and clear. Spring had come at last and the ritual held every year at this time was about to begin. The participants, wearing winter-bleached faces and baggy, new ceremonial attire, stood uncertainly in their allotted positions. Suddenly, a hush fell over the scene as the masked man who would give the command to start the proceedings appeared. Imperiously he looked about, adjusted his mask and then, "PLAY BALL!" he roared.

And so, behind K.P.'s new grey walls, another softball season officially began. The opening game saw Rocky Thibeault's *Mets* play host to McMahon's *Twins* and beat them 9-8 after a fiercely contested battle. The *Mets* ploughed into the lead in the early innings, but the *Twins* doubly-jeopardized their chances of winning with a remarkable comeback in the middle of the game. At the top of the ninth, the score was tied 8-8, but this state of affairs was quickly erased as Gerry Upshaw of the *Mets* brought home the run which gave his team the victory.

No such neck and neck battle was waged in the afternoon when the *Dodgers*, managed by Aube, paid Palmer's *Giants* a visit and soundly defeated them 7-1. *Dodger* pitcher, Doug Sperry, surrendered only two hits during his

nine innings on the mound and he even offset these by contributing a pair of runs to his team effort. The losing pitcher was Chickloski, and the *Giants*, lone run was procured by St. Amour.

DODGERS LOSE 10-7 TO METS

The morning of Saturday, May 22, found the *Dodgers* at home to lose 10-7 at the hands of the *Mets* in what can only be termed "a home run game".

The first of these came in the early minutes of play as Steve Benning, *Mets'* s.s., smashed the ball to freedom beyond the east wall with one man on base. This was also the first "over-waller" of the year and for this Steve won the traditional carton of Cokes donated by the Sports Committee. That same inning, Freddie Sweet of the *Dodgers* nearly orbited the ball when he drifted it into the world outside for a Grand Slam! In the top of the third, it was the *Mets* turn again as Mike Duquesne discharged another ball in the general direction of the United States for two more runs. One inning later, the *Mets* repeated when Gerry Upshaw, making his debut in the game, homered over the south wall. At the top of the ninth, with the *Mets* leading 10-5, *Dodger* Joe Sullivan aimed another ball at the lake to bring in two



GIANTS: (Back row, left to right) Ridgeway, McBeth, Coates, Chicklsoki, Palmer, McKnight, Englehart, Couchie. (Front row) Shapiro, Druce, Burger.

much needed runs on the last scoring play of the game. The win went to pitcher Jean-Paul Rodroque and the loss to Doug Sperry.

GIANTS DEFEAT TWINS 9-7

In the afternoon game the visiting *Giants* defeated the *Twins* by a score of 9-7. Ernie Coates, showing great form as always, batted in three runs for the *Giants*. Later, centre fielder Couchie brought in the fourth and winning run in a game that did not seem to find either team at its best. Pitching for the *Giants* was Chickloski and for the vanquished *Twins*, Russ Hobday.

SAINT OPENER

The afternoon of the 23rd saw the *Saints*, under the managership of Jack Booth, emerge victorious from their season opener against the *Link's O'Tay Intermediate "A" Club* from Perth, with a score of 9-5.

Inaugural proceedings were conducted by Deputy Warden Jarvis and Assistant Deputy Warden Chinnery, who wished the players well and welcomed our distinguished guest of the day, His Worship the Mayor of Perth, Mr. E.S. Burchell. Stewy Anderson, speaking for the Sports Committee, extended our appreciation to all concerned and urged the *Saints* onwards.

Afterwards, the first ball of the season was thrown across the plate by Mr. Chinnery where Mr. Jarvis met it with a mighty swing that carried it all of ten feet into the dust.

Twice in the first inning, the *Saints* scored, but early in the second *Link's* scored a pair of their own to equalize it. At the bottom of the third, Ernie Coates caught pitcher Giff's fast ball, dead centre, to send it on a whistling one-way trip over the wall. Visiting centre fielder Kornick made a hard

connection with Doug Sperry's pitch in the fourth and cleared it from the prison for his team's only homer of the game. From here on, *Link's* errors played a decisive role in their defeat. Coates homed again in the fifth, this time on a single, and a total of five runs were collected by the *Saints*. One inning later, right fielder Donaldson made a spectacular grab on a ball from Rocky Thibeault, but by this time his team had lost the game.

However, lest the *Saints* get overconfident and in due fairness to *Link's O'Tay*, it should be mentioned that pitcher Giff only recently returned to play after being invalided by bursitis in his throwing shoulder. His record last season: 18 wins — 3 losses. Also, this reporter was instructed by Mayor Burchell on the sidelines to quote him as saying: "Our manager is hopeless as a manager, useless as a second baseman, and terrible in the field — in fact, he shouldn't be on a ball team at all!" Manager Ashton, like the others in his club, is a golfer. In the winter, *Link's* pull a quick-change and become a hockey team.

VICTORIA DAY BATTLES

On Victoria Day morning, McMahon took his *Twins* to visit the *Dodgers* and wound up being defeated 7-1. For two innings the game was scoreless. But in the bottom of the third, John Lalonde smashed his first ball of the season over the south wall with Sperry and Deriger on base. One full inning later, manager Aube batted in Freddie Sweet, his left fielder. Three runs were added to the *Dodger* total in the fifth when Joe Sullivan brought in two men and came home himself on Sweet's double. Next inning, the *Twins'* lone run was scored by Ollie Barker making his first appearance in the Prison League. Here, too, an electric double-play was made by the *Dodgers'* shortstop, Herb Handy, through second basemar-

Scala, to Billy Alberts at first. This game's winning pitcher was Doug Sperry with five hits. Although Russ Hobday pitched and lost for the *Twins*, he seemed to be regaining much of his old ability and is definitely the man to watch closely.

METS BEAT GIANTS 9-7

The *Mets* met the *Giants* in the afternoon and beat them 9-7 in a hard-fought game. In the first, Couchie scored for the *Giants* on a fly-out from St. Amour. Coates added another one soon after and, seconds later, Murray Palmer came in on Burger's single to make the total three. At the bottom of the third, Couchie repeated when Burger batted a double, and one inning later Ridgeway, the first sacker, made it 5-0.

Things looked great for the home club until the sixth when Gwizd of the *Mets* brought in Duquesne and pitcher Jean-Paul Rodrique. Bobby Thibeault continued the assault by batting in Gwizd and Upshaw on a double. In the seventh, Palmer scored the *Giants'* sixth run when catcher McKnight batted him in. A great defensive play by Ronnie Druce on a line drive from Rodrique also marked this same inning. The most spectacular play of the game occurred in the eighth as *Mets'* Johnny Larkin fired off a triple with three men on base. Immediately Steve Benning stepped solidly into Chickloski's ball, to bring Larkin in on his second over-the-wall homer of the season. Couchie scored his third run in that inning on a bad throw, but for the *Giants* the game was lost.

DODGERS DEFEAT METS 9-7

In the morning of May 31st, the *Dodgers* hosted the *Mets* and defeated them 9-7. John Larkin started the scoring in the opening minutes with an inside-the-wall homer for the *Mets*. Mike Duquesne made it 2-0 in the second, but the *Dodgers* struck back

in the bottom of that inning with a total of four runs from Alberts, Sullivan, Sweet and Horlick.

Gwizd and Duquesne came home for the *Mets* in the fourth, but so did a *Dodger*, John Lalonde. The next three innings were scoreless, but in the bottom of the eighth Gwizd, Benning and Bobby Thibeault were batted in by Upshaw to make it 7-5. However, the *Dodgers* still had ample power left and this inning saw Freddie Sweet win the game by batting in Sperry, Lalonde and Sully. He then came home himself on a fly-out. Pitching in this game were Sperry for the *Dodgers* and Rodrique for the *Mets*.

The afternoon game of the same day turned out to be the highest scoring yet this year as the *Giants* walloped the *Twins* 20-11. Briefly going down the batting order of the victors, the runs were earned thus: McKnight 4,

Couchie 3, Yorkie 2, Coates 3, Palmer 1, St. Amour 1, Larocque 1. Druce 2, McBeth 2, and pitcher Chickloski 1. Scoring for the losing *Twins* were: Fredericks 2, Hobday 2, Johnston 1, Moxley 2, Breen 1, Cummings 1, Armstrong 1, and Provost 1.

SAINTS BEAT BANNERMAN RAMBLERS

On June 1, the *Saints* welcomed the *Bannerman Ramblers* from Toronto and sent them home with a loss by the score of 8-6. The visitors opened the scoring in the second with a run from centrefielder Fisher. But within minutes Mike Duquesne shattered their lead by homering over the wall with Ernie Coates on base. No further scoring play were made until the bottom of the sixth when Steve Benning instigated the escape of another ball



DODGERS: (Back row from left to right) Monk, Fredericks, Sperry, Sweet, Copley, Deriger, Aube. (Frontrow) Sullivan, Beaudoin, Durocher, Lalonde, Alberts.



LINK'S O'TAY INTERMEDIATE 'A' CLUB. THEY LOST TO THE SAINTS BY THE SCORE OF 9 to 5.

over the wall. Next inning, visitors Fisher, Yakimoff and Smith all made it across the plate and in the eighth two more of their comrades, Wade and Hutchinson, also scored. But in the bottom of that inning, the *Saints* retaliated in force. Altogether five runs were collected here by Coates, Benning, Duquesne, John Lalonde and Rocky Thibeault. The outstanding player of the day was undoubtedly the *Saints'* pitcher, Russ Hobday, who, in the top of the ninth held the opposition at bay by striking out their two successive batters with the bases loaded. The pitcher for the *Ramblers* was Smith who, up to then, had won 1 and lost 1 this season. His club plays Double "A" ball in the Davisville League.

GIANTS WIN AGAIN 9-8

During the morning of June 5th, the *Giants* hosted the *Dodgers* in an eight inning game and narrowly de-

feated them 9-8. The scoring opened in the bottom of the second with Murray Palmer firing off the weekend's first over-the-wall homer. Next inning the *Dodgers* collected three runs. No. 1 came from Horlick as he batted in Lalonde; and numbers 2 and 3 when Sweet brought home Horlick and Handy with his triple. This same inning, Giant McKnight succeeded in stealing home. *Dodgers* grabbed up two more in the fourth: Aube on a triple from Sperry, and Sperry on another of the same from Lalonde. Immediately, St. Amour was batted in for the *Giants* by Druce, who then came home himself on another triple, this one from Chickloski. At the top of the fifth, *Dodger* manager Aube homered over the south wall with Johnson on base.

In the seventh, it was Chickloski from McKnight and McKnight from Couchie for the *Giants* and, in the

latter half, Alberts from Scala for the *Dodgers*. Next inning Coates added another ball to the list of those that he had helped to escape over the wall. Finally, in the eighth Burger and McKnight stole home to win the game.

METS MEET TWINS: SCORE 7-2

The *Mets* emerged victorious in the afternoon by a margin of five runs in their game against the visiting *Twins*. The final score was 7-2. Paradoxically, the defeated *Twins* were the first to score. In the second inning their left fielder, Mike Armstrong, opened the scoring and minutes later Deriger batted in Doug Hastings, the right fielder. (*Young Mike, incidentally, appears*

to be applying everything he's got in contention of the Rookie-of-the-Year title to be awarded at the close of the season.) But for the *Twins*, this was it. From here on the *Mets* were belligerents. In the third, Larkin, Kruse and Brimley all made it home, the latter with the winning run.

In the fifth Johnny Larkin repeated as he did again in the seventh to make his "hat trick" for the day. That inning Duquesne also came home from the bat of Upshaw. The eighth saw Doug Kruse fire off a homer over the wall for his second scoring play of the game. Pitching with great success in his first league game was Lorne Brimley. The loser was Hobday.



**NEXT MONTH: THE WINNERS OF THE HANDBALL TOURNAMENT
AND THE HORSESHOE PIT WINNERS.**

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT:

Honolulu.—Uncontrollable sneezing has cost a Honolulu bank teller his job. After being recently promoted to a tellers job in the American Security Bank, in Honolulu, the new teller has had to transfer to the bookkeeping department, on orders from his doctor.

He has been diagnosed as probably being the only banker in the world who can't stand having the green stuff around him.

Via: The Clock

The Greatest Gift: Concluded.

charged with being unfaithful. Many spend three, four, five, or more years waiting for their man to come home; of being continually lonely and without companionship. If they are in any way normal; they will naturally go to some other source for love and affection. If the prisoner and his loved-ones position were reversed, I'm sure they would be better able to understand why these things naturally happen. Nevertheless, when they do, the prisoner must face up to the pain and struggle on. Another drop of water beating against his brain.

Our fears and worries may assume different shapes but stripped of all their finery, the fears of mankind are quite identical; the fear of loneliness, attack, and death. The hunger for love, recognition, understanding, security, and the right to belong must be satisfied if we are to gain peace of mind. But can such a thing possibly be done?

Courtney the Sneak: Concluded.

about him.

They moved in slowly on shuffling feet towards him. Closing in. He screamed a terrible demented yowl.....

"No ! No ! This is the twentieth century !"

But the peasants did not falter in their advance.

"No ! Don't ! Please ! Ple-e-e-ase !"

Then they were on him. Someone snatched the wallet from his clutching hand and tossed it away. A dozen arms seized him and they carried his writhing form out of the ancient courtroom.

Through the open doors, the Judge watched as they crossed to the center of the town square. But his mind was

troubled. In deep contemplation he turned to the yellowed document on the wall behind the bench. Slowly, and with infinite care he read over each of the 18th century criminal statutes; word by word. Relieved he discarded his wig and robes and started back to his butcher shop. It was just turning noon when he passed the newly constructed platform in the Square. Courtney looked very pale. The trap made an awful thud as the church-deacon sprang it.....

Greenland: No Prisons: Concluded.

investigate even the most glaringly needed reforms, and it adds measurably to the difficulties facing the penal educators. These same people, disregarding the humanitarian side of correction, would oppose "sentencing to education."

This segment of society cannot, or will not, understand that any man entering the gates of a correctional institutional will not go out of those gates uninjured. All will be hurt by the unending burden they carry — the name "ex-con". And all will bear, in a greater or lesser degree, the scars of incarceration. Strangely enough those whose deviations are the widest and deepest are those who are least injured by incarceration; while those who have strayed but little from the normal path will be hurt the most.

From a standpoint of saving the taxpayer's dollars; with the view of checking our growing crime rate; and from a simple humanitarian attitude we must cease to place the brand of "ex-con" upon those capable of being rehabilitated by some measure other than incarceration. Perhaps the knowledge that Greenland has no prisons may shock us into giving some careful consideration to their "sentencing to education."



You Help To Bridge the Gap!

For the past two years the *Telescope* has been reaching me regularly and has never failed to prove informative and interesting, as well as well-written.

Probably no other magazine has as large and impatient a "waiting list" of other people around here. It has reached the point where I am advising them to become subscribers themselves and perhaps some will do so.

Little gems like the *Warden's Diary* make your publication a standout, and I hope that you will continue to add more excerpts from it. But your primary purpose of serving as an outlet for those of your audience who like to write, and thus helping bridge the gap between those inside and outside such institutions with understanding and appreciation of the problems, is well worthy of support.

Sincerely,
E.K. Belt
Editor Staff Publications,
North American Life Assurance Co.
Toronto, Ont.

Send Me A Copy!

It came to my attention, while reading your magazine that newspapers of various penal institutions are available to the public. Therefore, I am requesting a copy of one of your editions, and any past editions available. If there is any charge I will gladly remit by return mail.

Thank you very kindly.
William Sokira,
Toronto, Ont.

Very Impressed!

I visited the penitentiary last summer with a group of students from Carleton University and at that time I was very impressed with your publication department and your magazine. I was also impressed with your knowledge of criminology and penology and I was wondering if you could help me out.

I am doing an essay on prison reform—more specifically on the gradual shift from the emphasis on punishment to an emphasis on reform and rehabilitation. You could be of great assistance if you could refer me to some articles written on the subject. Your own views would also be appreciated.

Thank you very much and best wishes.

Yours respectfully,
Harry Thorsteinson,
Students' Council Office,
Carleton University.

Please Cease Delivery!

I have enjoyed receiving each issue of your magazine this past year. Some articles make good reading and there is excellent coverage of the various activities within your institution. Now I wish to request cessation of the delivery of the magazine.

One of your colleagues is coming to live with me and I do not believe it would be in his best interest were the postman to leave it accidentally outside my letter box as has frequently happened this past year. Since the general public are fearful of the business he formerly was a part of, I do not think

this reminder of the past will be conducive to a healthy rehabilitation which will be difficult enough anyway.

Yours sincerely,
L.H. Morrenly,
361 Princess Ave,
Goose Bay, Labrador.

Can't Miss

Enclosed is a postal note for a two-year subscription to your magazine. It is very interesting and we enjoy it very much.

I sent one dollar in an envelope some time in February, but presumably it has gone astray. This time I'm sending a postal note; don't want to miss any issues.

Mrs. G. Inkster
Toronto

Lots of Luck!

I have just received my latest issue of the **Telescope** and I enjoyed it very much as always. I am sending one dollar for a renewal and I would like you to send it to Mrs. Wm. Scriver, 748 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

I am pretty sure my wife enjoys the magazine very much too.

I would like to wish the **Telescope** Staff and all my friends lots of lucks!

Yours very truly,
William Scriver,
Dorchester Pen.

Good Work!

Enclosed please find \$1.00 P.O. Money Order for one year of the **Telescope** as requested in your recent reminder. It's a good periodical. I've been receiving it for 10 or 11 years now. Good Work!

Garth McDowell
Saskatoon, Sask.

INHERITANCE

What have I loved
Besides the sea
The air and infinite reach of sky
Where I have roved
I saw the tree
Before it caught my wandering eye
The leaves first
Then the boughs and limbs
The trunk and then the grass below
And so I thirst
At nature's whims
Where e'er my roaming foot steps go

What have I known
Besides despair
Love and hate and disillusion
That I have sewn
O'er many repair
Been lucid amid confusion
That I have wept
Tears of mirth
And tears of sadness and fear
That I have slept
Upon the earth
That I am here

S.S.H

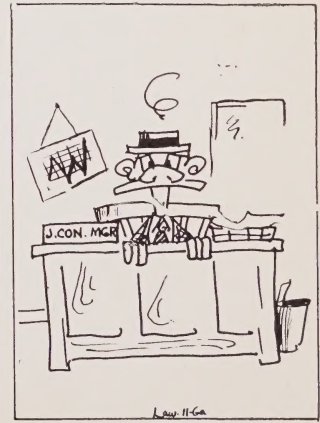
PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Dose
5. Fop
8. Mart
12. Avow
13. Ape
14. Oleo
15. Tame
16. Culottes
18. Ale
19. Fists
20. Ok's
21. Buea
23. SOS
25. Propels
28. Refit
32. Aids
33. Sue
37. None
38. Toyed
38. Indorse
40. 'tis
42. Care
43. Ass
46. Scold
48. New
51. Into Cuba
53. Cave
54. Raul
55. Lev.
56. Amen
57. Sped
58. Lye

DOWN

1. Data
2. Oval
3. Somebody
4. Ewe
5. Facials
6. Opus
7. Pelts
8. Mot
9. Alto
10. Reek
11. Toss
17. Osor
19. Fee
22. Upset
24. Senor
25. Pat
26. Rio
27. Sui
29. Forename
30. Ins
31. Tee
34. Enclave
37. Disc
39. Dad
41. Se'll
43. Airs
44. Snap
45. Stue
47. Obey
49. Even
50. W-nt
52. Old
53. Cat
59. Tent



things go
better
with
Coke

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